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The King and Tinker's 19

James I. King to

GARLAND:

CONTAINING FOUR

Excellent New SONGS.

I. King James the First and the fortunate Tinker.

II. The Taylor outwitted by the Sailor.

III. The Lawyer and the Farmer's Daughter.

IV. The Lass of the Hill.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.

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*King JAMES the First and the
 fortunate Tinker.*

Come now to be Brief let's pass over the rest,
 Who seldom or never was given to jest,
 And come to King James the First of our Throne,
 A pleasanter Medly sure never was known.

One Day as he was chasing his fallow Deer,
 He drops all his Nobles and of them got clear,
 And then to seek pleasure away he did Ride,
 Till he found an Ale-house hard by the Woodside.

And there with a Tinker he happen'd to meet
 And in kind sort they did lovingly greet;
 He said, Honest Tinker what is in that Jugg?
 Thou under thy Arm dost so lovingly hug.

In troth, said the Tinker, 'tis nappy brown Ale,
 And for to drink to thee i'faith I'll not fail,
 Altho' that thy Jacket looks glorious and fine,
 I hope my Two-pence is as good as thine.

Nay, nay, in good deed the Truth you have spoke,
 And so he sat down with the Tinker to joak,
 He call'd for a Flaggon, the Tinker another,
 And so went to it like Brother and Brother.

And as they were Drinking the King he did say,
 What News dost thou hear, honest Tinker, I pray?
 There's nothing of news the which I do hear,
 But the King is a Chasing his fallow Deer.

And truly I wish I so happy may be,
 That whilst he is Hunting the King I may see,
 For tho' I have Laavel'd the Land many Ways,
 Yet ne'er have I seen a King in my Days.

With a merry laughter, the King he reply'd,
 I'll tell thee, good Fellow, if thou canst but ride,
 Th

Thou'lt get up behind me, and I will thee bring,
To the Royal Presence of *James* our King,

Perhaps, said the Tinker, *his Lords will be drest,*
so fine that I cannot know him from the rest,
Thou wilt, for I tell thee, when as we are there,
The King will be cover'd his Nobles all bare.

Then up got the Tinker, and likewise his black
Old Budget and Kettles, and Tools on his Back;
And when they came into the merry green Wood,
His Nobles came round him, and bare Head stood.

The Tinker he seeing so many appear,
Immediately whisper'd the King in the Ear,
Since they are Cloathed so gallant and gay,
to which is the King, come tell me, I pray.

The King to the Tinker made this Reply,
Indeed, honest Man, it must be thee or I,
The rest is all bare Head uncovered round,
At this with his Budget he fell to the Ground.

Like one that was frighted quite out of his Wits
Then down on his Knees he immediately gets,
Beseeching for Mercy, the King then he said,
Thou art a good Fellow, then be not afraid.

Come tell me thy Name, 'Tis John in the Vale,
Mender of Kettles, and a Lover of Ale,
Then rise up Sir John, I'll honour thee here,
And make thee a Knight of three Thousand a Year.

This was a good Thing for the Tinker indeed,
And so to the Court he was sent indeed,
Where great store of Pleasure and Pastime were seen
In the Royal Presence of the King and Queen.



The Taylor outwitted by the Sailor.

Come all you young Lovers while I do unfold,
A comical Ditty as ever was told,
The like of this Ditty you never could View,
Such a comical Story and certainly true.

In *Liverpool* it is known very well,
A noble rich Tradesman that lately did dwell,
He had a young Daughter, beautiful and fair,
Few for Wit and Beauty, could with her compare.

At length she was Woo'd, by a Seafaring Man,
A jolly Tarpolian whose Name was *John*,
To gain this Maid's favour he used his Skill,
At length he obtain'd her Love and good Will.

She promis'd in Marriage with him to join,
And broke Gold between them the same to bind,
But now the young Sailor, was gone to Sea,
Which did this young Damsel sadly displease.

In Grief this young Couple was forc'd to part,
He left this young Damsel with sorrowful Heart,
Spending her Days in Sorrow and Woe,
What happen'd after you quickly shall know.

The Sailor being gone about four Years Space,
A jolly young Taylor made his Address,
This beautiful Damsel at length we do find;
Did promise in Marriage with him to be join'd,

But the Night before they should Wed next Day
The Sailor came Home, put a Stop in the way,
As he was walking along in *Dalestreet*,
With an Acquaintance he happen'd to meet.

Who said to the Sailor, You're welcome home,
Just in Pudding time I think you are come,
You know Sir, you formerly courted a Maid,
Now she is engaged with a Taylor to Wed,

*To-morrow's the Day they're married to be,
And I am invited the Wedding to see.
To hear of the News, Oh! the Sailor he smil'd,
Saying, Oh! make no doubt the Sport I will spoil.*

*So I do thank you with my whole Heart;
Pray mind how the Sailor has acted his Part,
He took out a Licence that very same Night,
And on the next Morning as soon as 'twas light,*

*Went to the Church Yard, and waited a while,
At last spy'd 'em coming, which made him smile,
O then this young Couple into the Church went,
And of the brisk Sailor they were innocent.*

*He being but drest in his Tarpolain Cloaths,
Into the Church strait after them he goes,
Whilst waiting for the Parson, he to her drew near
And whispered a Word or two in her Ear.*

*It fill'd her with Wonder, she blush'd with surprise
An Extacy of Gladness was seen in her Eyes,
Then the young Sailor as I understand,
With resolute Courage took her by the Hand.*

*Then the poor Taylor began for to rave,
What do you mean, you Tarpolian Knave?
The Sailor reply'd, She is promised to me,
I'll have her or I'll try my Courage with thee.*

*To end all Disputes the Damsel reply'd,
The Sailor is mine and I'll be his Bride,
I have been engaged with him for to Wed,
But in his long Absence, I thought he was dead.*

*To end all disputes they straight married were,
And the poor Taylor was left in a Snare,
This was a Hindrance to the Taylor you know,
Without his Bride, he was forced to go.*

*So now to conclude all Men have a Care,
When you're in Courtship I pray beware.
Make sure of Sweethearts, and wed whilst you may,
For fear the Tarpolians should steal 'em away.*

The Lawyer and the Farmer's Daughter.

A Youthfull Lawyer fine and gay,
 Was riding to the City,
 Who met a Damsel on the Way,
 Right beautiful and witty.
 Good Morrow, then the Lawyer cry'd,
 I prithee where art thou going?
 Quoth she, To yonder Meadow side,
 My Father's there a Mowing,
 Then from his Horse he did alight,
 And as he was going to her,
 The Maid immediately took fright,
 For fear he should undo her,
 He did run like a nimble Deer
 Till he did overtake her,
 And then he whisper'd in her Ear,
 A Lady he would make her;
 O that I might enjoy that Bliss,
 One Minute or two of Pleasure,
 Then as a Pledge I give thee this
 A handful of Gold and Treasure.
 Kind Sir, I value not your Gold,
 And therefore pray be civil;
 My Maidenhead shall ne'er be Sold,
 For Money's the Root of Evil,
 I'll sooner be a Plowman's Bride,
 And sit at my Wheel a Spinning,
 Than be a Lawyer's Jilt, she cry'd,
 To live by the Trade of sinning,
 Pish, said the Lawyer, Be not coy,
 Let's fall to Love's Embraces,
 A silken Gown thou shalt enjoy,
 With Bracelets, Strings and Laces,

Your

Your silken Gowns I do disdain,
 Altho' I've mean Relations,
 For I am resolv'd to maintain,
 My innocent Reputation,
 If you'll but up to London go,
 I'll honour you like a Lady;
 But the Damsel answer'd, No,
 I am happy enough already,
 I'll keep my pure Virginity,
 Till Marriage be my Pleasure;
 For, Sir, said she, that's more to me,
 Than Millions of Gold or Treasure,
 Pray save your Breath and Money too,
 I like not your way of Wooing,
 There is too many such as you,
 Which bring young Maids to ruin,
 He found her discreet and wise,
 In every ready Answer,
 That he her Charms did highly prize,
 And vow'd he'd soon advance her,
 Then to her Patents he did go,
 Where he her Love did require,
 Then she was clad from Top to Toe
 In fine costly rich attire,
 Next Day the Guardian Knot was ty'd
 And many at the Marriage,
 And she appear'd an Angel bright,
 For Beauty and comely Carriage.
 Now Lasses all I pray now mind,
 To whom I have told this Story,
 Be careful that you're not too kind,
 For fear you loose your Glory.
 Had she been soon to Folly led,
 And for a small Spell consented,
 Then she had lost her Maidenhead,
 And when 'twas gone Lamented,

And now she is a Lawyer's Wife,
 Her Husband dearly loves her,
 So that she leads a happy Life,
 There's few in Town above her.

The Lass of the Hill.

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AT the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt,
 Who the Pangs of Ambition or Love ne'er had felt,
 A few sober Maxims still ran in her Head,
 That 'twas better to earn ere she eat her brown Bread
 That to rise with the Lark was conducive to Health,
 And to Folks in a Cottage Contentment was Wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in the Valley below,
 Who at Church and at Market was reckon'd a Beau,
 Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her Heart to prevail,
 And would rest on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale,
 With his winning Behaviour he so wrought on her Heart
 That quite artless herself she suspected no Art.

He flatter'd, protest'd, he kneel'd and implor'd;
 And would lie with the Grandure and Air of a Lord.
 Her Eyes he commended with Language well dress'd,
 And enlarg'd on the Tortures he felt in his Breast;
 With his Sighs and his Tears he soften'd her Mind,
 That in downright Compassion to Love she inclin'd
 But as soon as she'd melted the Ice of her Breast,
 The Heat of his Passion in a Moment decreas'd;
 And now he goes flaunting all o'er the Vale,
 And boasts of his Conquests to Susan and Nell;
 Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in Haste,
 And whenever he mentions her, makes her his Jest.

Take heed ye fair Virgins of Britain's gay Isle,
 How you venture your Hearts for a Look or a Smile,
 For young Cupid is artful and Virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale;
 Who to court you and tempt you will try all their Skill,
 But remember the Lass at the Brow of the Hill.